Per. My purpoſe was for *Tharſus*, there to ſtrike
The inhoſpitable *Cleon*, but I am for other ſeruice firſt,
Toward *Epheſus* turne our blowne ſayles,
Eftſoones Ile tell why, ſhall we refreſh vs ſir vpon your ſhore,
and giue you gold for ſuch prouiſion as our intents will neede.

Lyſ. Sir, with all my heart, and when you come a ſhore,
I haue another ſleight.

Per. You ſhall preuaile, were it to wooe my daughter, for it ſeemes you haue beene noble towards her.

Lyſ. Sir, lend me your arme.

Per. Come my *Marina*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Now our ſands are almoſt run,
More a little, and then dum.
This my laſt boone giue me,
For ſuch kindneſſe muſt releeue me:
That you aptly will ſuppoſe,
What pageantry, what feates, what ſhewes,
What Minſtrelſie, what pretty din,
The Regent made in *Metalin*,
To greete the King; ſo he thriued,
That he is promiſed to be wiued
To faire *Marina*, but in no wiſe,
Till he had done his ſacrifice,
As *Dian* bad, whereto being bound,
The Interim pray, you all confound.
In fetherd briefeneſſe ſayles are fild,
And wiſhes fall out as their wild.
At *Epheſus* the Temple ſee,
Our King and all his company.
That he can hither come ſo ſoone,
Is by your fancies thankfull doome. *Exit.*

Enter Pericles, Lyſimachus, Hellicanus, Marina, and others.

Per. Haile *Dian*, to performe thy iuſt command,
I here confeſſe my ſelfe the King of *Tyre*.
Who frighted from my Country, did wed at *Pentapolis*, the faire *Thaiſa*, at ſea in childbed died ſhe, but brought foorth a Maid

Maid childe called *Marina*, whom O Goddeſſe weares yet thy ſiluer liuery, ſhe at *Tharſus* was nurſt with *Cleon*, who at foureteene yeares he ſought to murder, but her better ſtars brought her to *Metaline*, gainſt whoſe ſhore riding, her fortunes broght the maid aboord to vs, where by her owne moſt cleare remembrance, ſhe made knowne her ſelfe my daughter.

Th. Voyce and fauour, you are, you are O royall *Pericles*.

Pe. What means the woman? ſhe dyes, helpe Gentlemen.

Cer. Sir, if you haue told *Dianaes* Alter true, this is your wife.

Per. Reuerend appearer, no, I threw her ouer-boord with theſe very armes.

Cer. Vpon this Coaſt, I warrant you.

Per. Tis moſt certaine.

Cer. Looke to the Lady; O ſhee's but ouerioyde,
Earely in bluſtring morne, this Lady was throwne vpon this ſhore. I opened the Coffin, found theſe rich iewels, recouered her, and placed her heere in *Dianaes* Temple.

Per. May we ſee them?

Cer. Great ſir, they ſhall be brought you to my houſe, whether I inuite you, looke, *Thaiſa* is recouered.

Thai. O let me looke if he be none of mine, my ſanctity will to my ſence bend no licentious eare, but curbe it ſpight of ſeeing: O my Lord, are you not *Pericles?* like him you ſpeake, like him you are: did you not name a tempeſt, a birth, & death?

Per. The voice of dead *Thaiſa*.

Thai. That *Thaiſa* am I, ſuppoſed dead and drownd.

Per. Immortal *Dian*!

Thai. Now I know you better, when wee with teares parted *Pentapolis*, the King my Father gaue you ſuch a ring.

Per. This, this, no more, you Gods, your preſent kindneſſe makes my paſt miſeries ſport, you ſhall do well, that on the touching of her lips I may melt, and no more be ſeene; O come, be buried a ſecond time within theſe armes.

Mar. My heart leaps to be gone into my mothers boſome.

Per. Looke who kneeles heere, fleſh of thy fleſh, *Thaiſa*, thy burden at the ſea, and call'd *Marina*, for ſhe was yeelded there.

Thai. Bleſt, and mine owne.

Hell.